

Silence is the quietest violence by LeoLea

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy Hargrove Being an Asshole, Brain Damage, Character Development, Child Abuse, Depression, Domestic Violence, Drug Use, Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper Parent-Child Relationship, Hurt/Comfort, Major Character Injury, Muteness, Neil Hargrove Being an Asshole, Not Beta Read, Other, Period Typical Attitudes, Protective Parent Jim "Chief" Hopper, Speech Disorders, Swearing, Underage Drinking, anger issues, but trying to better himself

Language: English

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Summary:

Billy was loud and angry . Yes these two things were probably a bigger part of his personality than he would like to admit.

With a sick twist of fate Billy's life turns around after one of these two things are stolen from him and he's forced to work on his problems and maybe even better himself on the way.

Because life's unfair sometimes and with bigger problems than ever before Billy grows as a person .

1. Mondays

Mondays were the worst.

That's a statement that's undeniably true.

When his alarm rang and he stretched his limbs on his bed , Billy wanted nothing more than to go back to sleep .

Fuck school honestly.

With a loud groan Billy sat up and walked to his closet . He threw on some clothes and started to style his hair . Today was going to be as dull as every other day in this stupid town but Billy was actually glad that the week finally started .

He wasn't some Nerd who actually like going to school to learn shit .

No school meant an escape from his father .

On school days Billy was the majority of his day not at home and his dad was at work until 6pm . So that made his life a lot easier until the holidays rolled along .He somehow survived Christmas and New year without another fight with his dad which surprised Billy quite a bit . Christmas and the other festive spirit nonsense was one of the reasons why Billy hated school breaks . The years before his father's Christmas spirit was fueled by vodka and rage and if Billy wasn't able to get his face out of the his father's view he would get a black eye as a free gift but they were a happy family now here in Hawkins. .

At least for the outside world .

Living the lie and that kind of shit .

This was their new start his father had told him. “ *So don't fuck it up* ”

Yeah Billy wasn't so stupid to act against his father . No he actually quite liked his face and well-being .

His father was respected by the neighbors , Billy wasn't sure how he managed that but maybe everyone in Hawkins was just plain stupid .

They even pitied his father because Billy was 'such a misfit' .

Yeah of fucking course.

Stupid idiots.

Stupid fucking shitheads.

Stupid fucking town.

Billy walked in the kitchen where Max and Susan were eating their breakfast. His father was already at work .

Praise the Lord.

Susan smiled at him but Billy ignored her completely. He had no nerves or time to deal with her right now.

“Morning “ she said with a chipper voice , like she had actually cared. No he wasn't playing this game today .

Billy huffed and that was it . Max glared at him . Of course she took it personally that Billy wasn't playing this stupid fucking game . They started to chatter about stupid nerd stuff . Billy took a long sip from his coffee, ignoring them completely . After he finished his cup he rummage around his jacket until he finally found his cigarettes.

“Not in the house Billy “Billy glared at her and put his cigarettes back into his pocket.

“Sorry” he didn't look at her and the tone in which he said his apology was not at all sincere . He and Susan knew that this apology was only said to calm Max down so that she'd kept her trap shut.

Max , the golden child in this family, tended to let a few words slip to Billy's dad and that never ended in a good way.

“You ready?” Billy asked Max while putting on his jacket and grabbing his keys.

“Yeah” , she said and nodded “Bye Mum” .

Susan smiled "Bye sweetie have a good day " .

Disgusting.

The ride was silent . They spoke even less after the incident . Billy could live with that. He dropped her off and drove to his school. Somehow Hawkins managed that even something so dull like a school seemed to be uglier than everywhere else.

The parking lot was already filled with other students that either left their cars or waited for their friends to arrive. Billy parked his car next to an ugly beige colored pick-up .

Everything in this stupid town was ugly even most of the cars. He lit on his cigarette and climbed out of his . His eyes wandered over the parking lot picking up a few known faces of other students he went to class with when suddenly his eyes found a new destination .

Harrington parked a couple yards away from him , next to the car of his ex-girlfriend.

What a loser .

Harrington's face was still a bit bruised but the angry reds and blues had faded to yellows and green and now only a hue of yellow around his cheekbone and nose were the only remaining prove of the incident .

Billy kept his distance because Max threaten something he had actually cared about . You know fucking without balls and a dick ain't that funny .

It bugged him that a 13 year old girl had beaten him . Even worse was it that she was his sister.

Great.

Neil would be proud of her.

Yeah Max was better in everything because she wasn't some fucking idiot like Billy.

Harrington grabbed his backpack and walked towards the school . Billy continued to watch him until he was out off sight .He thought about skipping school entirely but there was nowhere to go for him.

No this wasn't Cali where he could just drive to the nearby park and relax with some friends . This was Hawkins .

"You get used to it", his father had said like he'd actually known Billy.

School was boring as usual . In English they discussed some random ass poem that was probably written in an drugged induced state and not in the spiritual awaking of the author . That however hadn't been a correct answer because Mrs Sander seemed to dislike his answer immensely. Billy grinned at her with an innocent expression over his face . Yeah this made his day a bit better.

At Lunch he listened to Carol and Tommy talking about the latest gossip.

Not that he cared .

It was a distraction nothing more.

He could live without them but being alone was worse than being surrounded by dipshits. After Lunch he walked to his locker to grab some books .

He was on edge today for no good reason . His dad treated him almost bearable the last weeks and nothing actually bothered him but he somehow and he wasn't sure why he felt like something really bad was about to happen .The calm before the storm ? At practice he was more aggressive than ever gaining him a few lectures from his coach but he left Harrington alone . There were enough other people on the team .

A guy , Andy or something shoved past him and that was it .

Billy saw red , a smile creeping across his face , and grabbed him by the collar of his shirt . The guy spluttered in surprise before he was slammed against the lockers by Billy . Billy's grin grew wider as he saw the shocked expression on his face . This is gonna be real fun Billy thought with a wicked grin on his face. One of his old friends back in Cali used to say that he had these crazy eyes and maybe it was true because his victims always looked at him like he was the devil in disguise.

“Watch your way Idiot”, warned Billy with fury glinting in his eyes.

They guy rambled something about being sorry before Billy pressed him a tad bit harder against the lockers behind him .

“The next time I see you I won't be so nice got it?”The guy nodded frantically and Billy let go of his collar . Billy hadn't even noticed the crowd of people which had formed behind him .

“Any problems?” , Billy challenged nobody in particular . He wasn't allowed to fight Max or any of her dweebs but there was no rule against kicking someone else's butt .

The rest of the day was uneventful and Billy was glad when he was finally able to leave . He picked up Max without much of a hassle and the only thing filling the silence was Billy's music as they drove home.

Just a few minutes before they'd arrive at their drive-way Max announced ,”I wanna go to Dustin today .Can you drive me?”

That was a damn stupid question . Of course Billy was driving her to her friends because Neil wanted him to .

“Yeah but ask Neil first “, he grumbled because hell no was he driving her without Neil's permission.

This was how most of their interaction now ended . Max would ask him to do something and Billy would tell her to ask Neil first.

As soon as they arrived home Billy escaped in his room , turning on the music and ignoring everything else .

He was interrupted from his semi slumber with a loud knock against his door ,”Turn the music down “ , his father scolded .

Billy complied immediately and hoped for his sake that his father decided to let him alone but of course life wasn't this easy .

“Open the door “ , said his father with a neutral voice and this wasn't a good sign .

Like a well-trained dog Billy jumped up and opened the door . His father looked at him and then around his room as if he was trying to find something to give him a reason to yell at Billy but today there wasn't any. His room was clean, his music was silently playing in the background and his clothes weren't too *faggy* today, just a plain white t-shirt and some jeans .

“Your homework is finished?” , he asked and narrowed his eyes .

Billy knew this procedure ,”Yessir “.

Neil hummed, “Close your window Dinner's ready”

Billy nodded again ,”Yessir”, and turned his back to his father to close his window.

When he turned around his father was gone and Billy let out the breath which he was holding the whole time.

Dinner was tense but nothing out of the usual . Max chattered about some project they made in the AV club and both Susan and Neil nodded like they'd actually cared about her shit .

Hell maybe they did ?

Billy didn't so he tuned out of this conversation quickly.

“And how was basketball practice ?” Susan asked with a small smile .

God Billy hated her for trying to force him into small talk but as soon

as he looked over to Neil he knew what he was supposed to do , "Good but we didn't do a lot because a few guys are benched "

Was that a sufficient answer?

For fuck's sake .

"Is that kid -what was his name again ? Harris ? Harrison ?" his dad asked and Billy nearly choked on his beans, because why the hell was he asking that ?

"Harrington . He's Dustin's babysitter" Max answered , a glare wandering towards Billy, and Neil nodded in agreement .

"Yes Harrington is he still hurt? " Billy shook his head suddenly his tongue became heavy as lead.

"It's a shame that they don't know who beat him up isn't it " his dad added with a knowing smile and fuck Billy must have turned white as a ghost because the next second a foot connected with his shin .

"Yeah it is " Billy said doubtfully, shaking his head.

Shit shit shit .

His dad *knew* he was behind the bruises on Harrington's face.

Billy's stomach twisted painfully his muscles tensing until they felt like they'd snap any second .

" Steve told Dustin and Dustin told me that some drunk guy attacked him when he was on a trip with his dad . Cause Steve's parents are loaded ! He has like this really awesome car and Mike told me that he has a huge pool",Max exclaimed with a fake excitement.

"That's great honey " Susan smiled at the pure awe in Max's voice and Billy was so glad that Max saved his ass from his father's wrath .

Sometimes even this little brat had her uses.

On the other hand his dad continued to glare at him every few moment throughout the dinner like he wanted Billy to know that he

knew what had really happened .

He was so *fucked* .

Later that night Billy sat on his bed and smoked a cigarette to get that jittery feeling out of his body . The lighter in his hand was a heavy metal thing which he stole years ago from the janitor of his old middle school just to prove he had the balls to do it . The lighter was a bigger constant in his life than most people were . One time his dad threw a couple of his things away and for a split second Billy had thought that his lighter was one of them . He was actually more afraid for an object that he had stolen when he was 12 than for his own health .

Billy wasn't tired today but it was too late to listen to music so he got his headphones out and plugged them into his stereo .He laid on his bed staring on the ceiling like it would bear him answers for all his questions. He fell asleep and was only woken by a knock on his door.

Great another day .

The next days passed without any great disturbance. His dad still looked at him with that fucking knowing smile but that was it.

Nothing happened .

It was almost boring .

Then the weekend came and Billy drank with some friends a few beers at the quarry .

“Where did you get the booze from ?”Vicki asked Tommy who grinned like he was the king of the world ,”I've got my contacts”

Reed turned around to look at Tommy with raised eyebrows,“who did you blow for that “.

Reed chuckled as Tommy nearly choked on his beer. Tommy's face turned in a darker shade of red while he was trying to wipe the beer

droplets from his face.

Billy laughed and joined the conversation ,“ Yeah Tommy I hope it was worth it “

“Aw shut up you dick”, shot Tommy as he still tried to get the beer from his face and his shirt.

“Not enough dick yet?” Tommy hit Reed in the ribs not to hard just to drive a point across.

They drank until everything became funny and the last can was emptied . He slept over at Tommy's and only returned on Sunday after Lunch because he had finally stopped reeking like a cheap bar. His father didn't even bat an eye as Billy stumbled home still in Friday nights clothes .

He got into the shower and only stepped out when no more warm water was left . His hair clung to head and the steam caused it to curl around his face like some wannabe redneck . Today was already wasted so he dressed himself in some shorts and a loose t-shirt and laid on his bed. The rest alcohol that still buzzed in his system and for a moment Billy actually considered to get drunk again .

Why not? But then again he had to steal something from his dad's stash and that could turn out badly. Like Billy's-gonna-get-his-ass-beaten-badly. Maybe it wasn't such a great idea after all . Yeah probably not.

He laid on his bed for what it felt like hours up until his door was pushed open and Max's head peaked through the slit. “Dinner's ready “ and then she left without another word .

Billy got up and swayed a bit until he found his balance again. In the kitchen Max and Susan were already seated , talking about some assignment Max had to finish this weekend . Billy slumped on the chair and in like a sick twist of fate his father came into the room looking like somebody had kicked him in the balls.

What's wrong with him ?

God, Billy couldn't wait to finally leave this shit show behind him.

Neil Hargrove was possibly the worst human on earth but Billy wasn't much better . Like father, like son. Sometimes even these stupid phrases had a germ of truth in it . Huh, his English teacher would be proud of him.

“Billy , you have to watch Maxine tomorrow evening “ , he declared like Billy was his fucking slave. Of course dad , everything you say daddy dearest Billy thought angrily .

But instead he said with a neutral voice , “Okay , got it “ and carried on with his life .

Arguing was useless with him . Scratch that talking was useless with him. Billy looked out of the window. Thick snow covered Hawkins like a frosty white coat. Back in Cali Billy wished for snow because he was a stupid kid back then . Now snow was nothing more than a burden.

“Billy can you shovel the snow away?”

“Can you drive Maxine to her friends it's too cold for walking”

Fuck snow .

The only thing that saved him from completely losing it , besides he wasn't to sure if he was already on the edge of losing it , was the time stamp on his departure here. After he got his diploma he'd piss off back to Cali.

Just a few months he thought as he was falling asleep in his bed.

Then everything would be okay again .

2. Broken

Over the years Billy became really good at reading his dad's moods and getting the fuck away from him when he was in a bad one .

But since this stupid brat moved in it became indefinitely harder because now she was the one on charge of his moods . If dear Maxine did something stupid , she would be grounded for a few days but Billy would get hit square in the face because she was his responsibility.

Like she wasn't fucking old enough to take care of herself .

No Billy was her Babysitter now because that's what a good brother does .

That little demon knew exactly what she was doing . She wasn't dumb and she knew she was holding the damn leash . Who's the psychopath now?

She was testing her boundaries more and more, asking Billy for a ride to her weird friends or being late just because she wanted to drive Billy crazy. Stupid brat.

But today was different. Something in the back of his mind told him that something was up as soon as he had woken up today . He brushed it off because he wasn't some kind of pussy and his gut instinct was something he normally ignored . Not that it actually saved Billy from anything.

His dad and Susan came back after a night out . Billy heard their car stopping in the drive-way and two pairs of feet walking to the door . Really responsible of them to go out on a school night and let Billy and Max alone. His dad needed some relaxation at least that's what he told them today's morning . Sure his life was really hard wasn't it? Going to work and beating Billy because his life was just to miserable . Yeah what a fucking sob story . Poor guy .

As soon as the door opened Billy felt that something was wrong, as if a hidden routine had suddenly stopped , but Billy couldn't grasp it. He thought his skin started to itch from a sudden feeling of wrongness or he was just finally losing it completely.

Max sat in the living room and watched TV while Billy was stuffing his face with a ready meal. He wasn't a big fan of TV dinners but he was too tired to care about his taste buds .

The package made it look like a 4 star meal but in reality it looked like roadkill , the mashed potatoes smelled like nothing , the near white color wasn't appealing the slightest and the meat tasted like a shoe lace . Billy wasn't even quite sure if this was actually meat or just something born in a petri dish , but he was starving and that lowers the bar quite a bit .

Practice was tiring today and the coach made him run some extra laps because he was late .That was just an excuse because yesterday Tommy was late too and he wasn't forced to do any of this shit .No the coach was still a bit pissed off because he bashed Harrington's face in. Harrington had to be benched for a week , apparently Billy gave him a concussion . Harrington told everybody who asked that he was mugged , but their coach had raised an eyebrow at his lame excuse and glared at Billy like he knew exactly what had happened that night .

Not that he had any prove for that but his coach wasn't as stupid as some of the other teachers and could knit two and two together. Not that he'd actually care .

Nobody really cares.

That's life .

So the hunger was more important than his normal eating standards even if the food looked like something the Russians grew in a secret lab . His dad and Susan walked through the door ignoring Billy in the kitchen and started chattering with Max for a while. Billy glared at their backs before shoveling another heap of potato mush in his

mouth . Normally his dad would come into the kitchen or whatever room Billy was currently in and check if Billy acted like he was supposed to .

He still wondered what Susan saw in his dad . He wasn't handsome or anything special just a guy with a teenaged son . He wasn't charming nor interesting , no he was quite the opposite . Billy remembered it like it was yesterday when dear Susan saw his real face for the first time. Somehow Billy thought that she'd take a stand for him and for a moment it actually looked like she would. Billy was 14 and his dad found a few empty beer bottles in Billy's room . He threw Billy on his bed and Billy had just sat there and waited for the next bomb to fall . But then he saw Susan standing in the door and a tiny bit of hope sparked up , "Neil" she had stuttered , her eyes wide with terror and her mouth open like she was having a hard time to find the right words .

Maybe she can stop him , Billy had thought that day.

But his father turned to her with a raised finger as if he was scolding another unruly child and said, "That's the only way to get through his thick skull" and then he turned around and slapped him across the face. Because Billy was an idiot back then tears started to pour down his face which of course angered his father more because only weaklings cry. He had looked at Susan again with tears and snot all over his face and saw in her eyes that she wasn't about to do anything . Ever. Maybe back then he felt a bit forsaken , maybe even a bit betrayed because his stupid kid brain thought that she would have changed his father for the better but of course she hadn't.

But today his dad ignored him . Billy wasn't too angry about the change . The less time he had to spent with his dad the better but something was driving him on edge about this whole situation . Ignoring every paranoid thought Billy continued to eat his rubbery meat and white potato mush in silence .

Everything that happened in the last weeks since Max nearly unmanned him was strange . His dad was suspiciously friendly like he was waiting for the right moment to rip Billy apart . It was like the

movie Jaws which he had seen a few years ago with some friends back in Cali. The shark wasn't on screen for the majority of the movie but you got this feeling , this sinking feeling that makes you sick in your stomach and gives you goosebumps which won't go away until you're somewhere safe , that lets you fear something you haven't even seen yet. So when the shark with all his glory pops on screen you're somehow glad that your fear finally has a face and a body , because without it your fear consumes your entire being . This feeling was consuming Billy at the moment. The last time he felt like this he was sure he was about to die .

The night after this little brat drugged him still left him baffled .He woke up with the worst hangover and aching bones. Whatever was in that syringe was some hell of a drug .

He had looked around and found nothing .

Literally nothing .

Everything that had been there the night before was gone . No freaky drawings or broken dishes only the broken window was a prove that this hadn't been some kind of horrible dream.

Hell he still hoped that it was all just a dream because else he had lost against a 13-year old girl and that was nothing Billy was proud of. But this brat fought unfair, drugging him with god knows what.

His mind had been too foggy to realize that the chief was in the room and watched him like a hawk .

So now what?

He was going to go to jail or what?

Better than living with his father.

Billy managed to get himself in a sitting position before the chief yanked him up forcefully by his arms. He was saying something but Billy wasn't able to catch it . His mind was racing . He looked around the room but nobody was there besides the chief

Max was gone .

His dad was going to kill him .

*He was fucking **dead** .*

This was the day he'll die .

*Suddenly he felt the urge to vomit but stopped himself . He hadn't realised he was shaking like a leaf and crying silently only mumbling incoherent sentences like “I need her .He wants her home he'll kill me, please “.*Attracted by the sudden sound Harrington and the others peaked into the room.

To this day Billy tries to forget this moment how he embarrassed himself in front of the Chief ,Mrs Byers ,Harrington and his group of minions .Max was there too , so maybe he wasn't so dead but the shaking wouldn't stop. The chief let him go and Billy particularly bolted out of the house after Max uttered some goodbye to her friends .

His dad wasn't as angry as he had expected after Max explained him the whole situation .Well she hadn't really explained what had happened that night because Billy knew she was lying. Playing dungeons and dragons behind Byers house in some secret hide-out? Nah that was a fucking lie. Billy was a lot but he wasn't stupid and this was a damn bad lie. But why should he interverne ? She had saved his ass after his dad had asked him why it had taken so long .Of course she was grounded for two weeks. Billy got the same punishment which he gladly accepted because it was a lot better than being beaten to death by his own father.

He was about to throw the package of his meal into the trash when his dad stopped him , “You're eating this trash again? “

Billy huffed ,”I was just trying to make no mess and I was tired “ his father hummed in agreement .

“How responsible of you “ and this was the moment Billy realised that his father was in a sour mood for whatever reason .Of course this was just a scheme for something else . Billy knew this had to happen someday . The hand that suddenly grabbed his neck supported his

analysis .

“If you're so responsible why is there a hole in your wall ? “

Fuck .

FUCK.

The hole was old, but that didn't matter right now because *his dad knew*. He always did. Billy had carefully tried to fix it and in the end decided to hang a poster over it .

“I don't -”before he could finish his sentence his dad slammed his head into the cupboard above the sink .

“Don't lie to me“ Billy suppressed a yelp but he couldn't stop himself from groaning in pain .

“I give you one more chance boy . Don't you lie to me” Billy considered his options . Honestly both of them were shit .

“It was an accident “ Billy said through gritted teeth .

The grip on his neck lessened for a second before he was yanked backwards and slammed back into the cupboard with much more force causing the cupboard and it's cutlery inside to clatter . Billy's head spun.

”and how did this accident happen?” Well if Billy wasn't nearly concussed he might have had a snarky remark or an actual answer but instead he just groaned.

“I said WHY is there a HOLE IN THE WALL “ , his father was about to kill him Billy thought with grim realization .

“I don't know “ Billy whispered with a tiny voice and before he was able to comprehend what was happening around him his dad slammed his head against the cupboard again. For a brief moment Billy wondered if the cupboard was dented with an imprint of his head .

The only thing Billy was hearing was the blood rushing in his ears

and the clattering of the plates inside the cupboard. Tears were rolling down his face like a leaking pipe and this seemed to anger his father even more . Everything was muted and his vision became more blotchy by second. Why was he even mad when Billy started to cry? Wasn't that proving his point how weak and faggy Billy was? Or did he really think that beating Billy even more would stop the crying ?

Before he was able to grasp the situation he was suddenly sitting on the floor staring at his father with wide eyes . His dad looked furious that kind of anger that forced his mouth into a thin line and made the veins on his neck bulge like they were about to burst.

“You don't know?” his father asked and Billy was at a loss. There was no right answer .

“That's not even a real answer .”

But Billy wasn't able to say something or anything . His throat was closed up and he was pretty sure that if he'd open his mouth he'd puke all over himself . The only thing Billy could do was to watch how his father decided to treat him .

Somehow his father was faster than usual or maybe its because of the concussion , but his father's hand swung forward and grabbed him by his hair. Billy cried out hands flying up to his head to loosen the steel grip .

His father pulled him up like he weight not more than 20 pounds but not high enough for Billy to actually stand . He crouched next to him like he was some damn peasant begging his master for forgiveness . But his humiliation went on further . Without another word his father dragged him into the living room where Max and Susan were sitting. Both of them starred at them anxiously , Hell Susan actually looked like she was about to say something which of course she didn't . Max on the other hand just stared with a blank face.

“Susan ,Billy is really sorry for destroying our property isn't he?” Neil asked and tighten his grip on Billy's hair making him wince .

“Yes I'm sorry “ Billy groaned when his father thought he was to slow in the making of his apology he yanked his head upwards in an

unnatural angle .

"Wasn't so hard ?" Neil said with a fake smile on his face , "but because you acted like a unruly child you're grounded now , you get that?"

"Yessir", Billy moaned and just hoped that this would finally be over .

Of course not.

His father dragged him to his room , pushing him inside . Billy fell flat on his ass no sound escaping his lips as he sat on the ground waiting for his punishment like a scared dog . His father never laid a hand on him in front of Max . This was bad , really really bad. He looked like he was about to eat Billy alive .

With one big step he crossed the room and hauled Billy up.

He wasn't sure what had happened the following seconds but his mind came back to him when his father slammed him against his shelf .

His head collided with the corner of the shelf and a throbbing pain attacked his senses . His father pushed him again and then all of the sudden let him fall down like a lifeless doll. He stomped out of Billy's room closing the door behind him and locking him in . Billy continued to stare at the place where his father had previously stood .

Slowly ,like he wasn't sure if he wanted to know, he touched the painful place at the back of his head. He hissed in pain and something wet and warm coated his fingers . Definitely blood . Fuck this stupid bastard . Fuck Susan .

He wanted to leave no he wasn't running away he just wanted to leave and never come back . Of course he could sneak out off the window but he wasn't to keen on another beating by his ever loving father . One day he'll be free like a bird but Billy shoved these thoughts right back into his mind and stood up with wobbly knees . He curled up on his bed ignoring his headache .

In the morning he was nearly going mad because his head hurt like a

motherfucker and he had to take a piss. His father wasn't the smartest person on this world apparently because he somehow forgot that Billy had no bathroom . Or maybe he wanted to humiliate Billy more because peeing himself like a toddler was definitely something he wasn't keen on doing. So when his father finally unlocked his door Billy sprinted to the bathroom. This was probably the best piss in his life.

After that he decided he was in need of a shower because honestly head wounds bleed like a bitch. The cut wasn't even bad but he woke up with a blood stain on his pillow and his hair crusted with dried blood . There was no way of going to school like this but as soon as he stepped in the shower showering suddenly became a very bad idea after Billy actually turned on the water and the first droplets hit his head .

He puked right there , disgusting bile splashed on the shower tiles and the acid smell assaulted his nostrils . He nearly puked again , but he couldn't go to school looking like this . People would ask question . So he manned up and quickly washed his head while the bile slowly disappeared in the sink. He brushed his teeth twice just to get the awful smell out of his mouth .

Breakfast was awkward to say at least . Billy wasn't able to stomach any food because of the nausea that came with his headache. But somehow he managed to drive Max to school . He wasn't sure how but Max threw concerned glances at him as they were driving in complete silence . No music was blaring through his speakers just the noise of his motor was filling the silence .

Billy had a headache probably more than a headache . It felt like somebody scrambled his brain until the only thing what was left behind was leaking out of his ears . He'd flip if Max tried to speak with him , but she didn't which was good or else Billy would have driven them into the next tree.

After he finally arrived at school he regretted that he didn't skip today. Everything was too loud and his head was suddenly feeling a lot worse than before . Billy gulped down some pain-killers which he had stashed in his locker just in case of an emergency .

The headache lessened and the sharp throbbing became dull. The rest of the day was a blur. His English teacher yelled at him because he forgot his homework .Stupid bitch .

At basketball practice he wasn't in his best form still better than Harrington but it was hard to keep up. He was slower and maybe this was the reason for the things that happened next

Author's Note:

Sooo Billy's pretty bitter and not at all a nice person in this story (at the beginning) because i wanted to write a story that focus a lot around his character development and how he changes over time .